

The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

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THE OLD HOME.

It sleeps beneath the sunny hill
An in a tranquil dream;
The giant elms are spreading still
Above the meadow stream.
Wild birds that join in mellow sweet,
And quiet sheep and cows,
Find grateful shelter from the heat
Beneath those leafy boughs.
All day among the scented grass
The crickets leap and stir,
And green and golden shadows pass
Like swallows on the wing.
How calmly in the sheltered nook
The summer hours may go,
Yet bright and joyous as the brook
That sings with deep and low.
O world! with all thy cities' pride,
Thy plains and valleys, green,
Thou hast not in thy bound'ries wide
So sweet, so fair a scene.

STUMPY'S DODGE.

The following incident occurred some ten years ago in the city of Philadelphia: Benjamin Yardley a veteran detective of this city, was entertaining a fellow detective—an old boyhood's friend, James Gardner by name, who for a number of years had been in California, as a detective in San Francisco.

Gardner had come East, to spend the Christmas holidays among his old friends, and Benjamin Yardley was one of these friends.

In referring to some of his adventures on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Gardner alluded to a "slippery customer," named "Stumpy"—a small, neat and compactly built fellow without a particle of beard on his face; he had the features of a woman in every sense, Gardner said, and, from a habit he frequently indulged in by masquerading in feminine garments he was perfectly at home in the feminine character he assumed.

Then he con., at will imitate the feminine voice to perfection, although his natural voice was a deep baritone—even in speaking.

Nine years ago, Gardner continued, "Stumpy" made a "grand haul" by entering the premises of an opulent lady, just before dawn—after the lady had returned from a ball—and, after stuffing her with chloroform robbed her of all her diamonds, which she had worn that night, and securing quite a sum of money besides, left for parts unknown.

By the description the lady gave of the burglar, it was apparent that "Stumpy" was the offender, and Gardner was detailed to hunt him up.

The slippery fellow, however, left no trail behind him when he left the city, and from that day he was seen no more in California.

"What reward was offered for his apprehension?" asked Yardley.

"Five thousand dollars," was the reply.

"And the value of the jewels and money?" pursued the veteran, in a thoughtful tone.

"Between forty and fifty thousand," "Had he confederates, think you?" "It was supposed not."

"No female, eh?" "Not to my knowledge," replied Gardner.

Yardley fell into a train of thought and while thus employed, his companion glanced over the paper. He finished this and glancing at Yardley he was surprised to find his friend, usually so lively, still thoughtful.

"What is it, Ben?" he asked, "solving a problem?"

"Possibly," was the laconic reply.

"Tell us all about it," said the other, in a bantering tone.

Yardley slowly raised his eyes to the face of the speaker and said, "Gardner, my boy, what would you say if I were to tell you that I believe I could take you to the residence of 'Stumpy'?"

The California detective jumped from his chair and cried, "You don't mean it?"

"I do."

"And you will lead me to his hiding place?" pursued Gardner, in an animated tone.

"To his place of residence—yes; but he does not hide, to all appearances," was the smiling reply.

"What name does he go by?" "Nine years ago he called himself 'Miss Caroline Dorsey,'" said Yardley, with an amused smile, "but at present he is known as the 'wealthy Mrs. Montague.'"

"Married?"

"Apparently so; at all events there is a man living with her representing the 'Mr. Montague.'"

"Otho-wise a female in disguise as a double guard against detection?" observed Gardner, sententiously.

"Possibly," returned Yardley, "although I think Mr. Montague is in reality a man."

"Well, admitting all that, he is of no consequence," remarked the other, "it

is 'Stumpy' we are after. Will you introduce me?" he asked, facetiously.

"Does he know your person?" asked Yardley.

"I think not," Gardner replied, "yet to make sure I shall assume a disguise when the introduction takes place."

"Very well," said Yardley, smiling again as an idea entered his fertile brain. "You shall be introduced, but not by me, I have a friend who will do that while I stand aside and observe the effect."

"What effect?"

"You shall see."

"But tell me about the advent of this most delectable 'Miss Caroline Dorsey,'" said Gardner.

"That was my intention. It can be told in a few moments, so to speak," returned Yardley. "She came here representing that she came from Ireland with her parents, both of whom died on the passage and were buried at sea. She obtained a situation as chambermaid with a respectable family on South Fifteenth Street where she remained a year, then left them with the intention of going into the trimming business with the money she had saved out of her earnings."

She opened a store and stocked it well—so well, in fact, as to elicit the surprise of her late employers, who sometimes called on her.

Two years later she sold out at a bargain, and lived in retirement for two or three years, when the 'Wealthy Mr. Augustus Montague put in an appearance and wooed and won Miss Dorsey.'

"The pair are then really wealthy?" Gardner asked in an earnest tone.

"So one may judge by their manner of living," was the reply.

"The result, undoubtedly, of that 'grand haul' of diamonds," the other remarked.

"Quite possible" was the grim rejoinder.

"Where do they live, and what are their usual habits?"

"Their residence is on West Green street, and Mr. Montague divides his time by visiting the brokers' offices on Third street, and absenting himself for a period of three or four days every fortnight. The lady seldom leaves the house."

"Possibly on a plundering expedition," observed the California detective, referring to Montague.

"Very likely," responded Yardley. On the following evening the Montague's gave a reception, and Messrs. Gardner, Yardley & Co. were there. The "Co." was a quiet genteel young man whom Yardley found extremely useful as a "spotter," and a "shadower," in his peculiar line of business. His name was Walter Rainsford, and he was generally looked upon as a young gentleman of means, inasmuch as he dressed well and went much into society.

"He and Mrs. Montague were quite intimate, and he it was who first suspected the sex of that lady, and so informed Mr. Yardley; hence both of these public officers kept a pretty sharp eye on the feticious female, and ultimately were confirmed in their belief that Mrs. Montague was a man in disguise, but failed to discover his motive. Mr. Gardner, however, furnished the motive, and these three gentlemen now resolved to make a proper investigation of the matter.

Any one witnessing the introduction, not being aware that the spurious lady was a man, would never for a moment have suspected such to be the case. The sweeping bow she made would have deceived any one, almost, and the smile that accompanied it was most brilliant and bewitching.

Yardley stood in the shadow when the parties were introduced, and distinctly saw the lady give a perceptible start when the name of Mr. Gardner of California, fell upon her ears.

"We have struck our game," was his mental observation, and he was perfectly correct, for Mrs. Montague subsequently interrogated Walter Rainsford very closely in reference to the gentleman. But that "innocent," quelled her alarm by saying that he met the gentleman at a hotel and being fortunate enough to render him a slight service an introduction followed, and they became mutually pleased with each other.

Had the lady been aware of the real profession of Rainsford this explanation would not have satisfied her—she would have regarded it as a "made up lie" to serve a purpose. But not for a moment suspecting his avocation, the answers he gave to her questions quieted her fears, and the momentary alarm subsided.

It was evident that "Stumpy" was acquainted with Detective Gardner by profession at least, if not acquainted with him personally.

On the following day Gardner observed that he was "shadowed" by an apparent countryman, and shrewdly guessed that "Stumpy" was the employer of the fellow.

In order to completely hoodwink the rogue, Gardner pretended to make a number of purchases in Market street wholesale houses, which fact was, of course, made known to Mrs. Montague, and was calculated to still further quiet her fears.

In the meantime Mr. Montague left the city on his periodical journeys, and was followed by Rainsford in disguise. When the latter returned and reported to his employer he surprised him not a little. Mr. Montague like his reputed wife was a fraud. He was simply a big woman in disguise and was known by the demi-monde of New York as "Big Ann" and was a well known prostitute of Murray street in that city.

Yardley did not apprise his friend of what he had discovered in reference to Mr. Montague, but resolved to aid him in securing the greater criminal—"Stumpy" first, after which, if the other was found guilty of any crime to take her also into custody.

Gardner concluded to take the risk during the absence of Montague, as it could be done more quietly, and Yardley agreed with him, urging him, however, to use the utmost caution since "Stumpy" was such a slippery customer.

"I shall be careful," replied Gardner, with a confident smile, as the pair sauntered out of Mr. Yardley's residence.

"Condemn that fellow," he immediately added, as he saw his 'shadow,' sauntering leisurely along on the opposite side of the street.

"He is dangerous now," remarked Yardley, gravely.

"Why so?" the other asked.

"Because he saw you with me and will so report to 'Stumpy,' who knows my profession."

"Ah," cried Gardner in real alarm. "I was not aware of that; I must act promptly or by Jingo 'Stumpy' will slip away."

Gardner crossed the street after taking leave of Yardley, and approached the seat of the carriage. He had just a moment before parted with a boy with whom he had been conversing.

"Can you tell me where the Mayor's office is?" he asked of the fellow.

"Nix forstay," was the reply, and the detective was positive that the response was derisively given.

He resolved therefore to keep him in view until an officer appeared and then give him in charge for an imaginary offence so as to prevent him from communicating with "Stumpy."

This was accomplished very neatly but the fellow appeared to take it coolly and offered no resistance on being arrested; only when he was led away he turned to Gardner, and closing one eye he remarked:

"Now you think you've done it?"

The detective stared at him, but beyond that simple remark the man spoke no more.

"Confound him, what did he mean?" Gardner muttered, musingly, "can there be any significance in the words?"

He had the warrant for "Stumpy's" arrest in his pocket and resolved to push the matter at once.

He hastened to see Yardley and together they proceeded to the Montague mansion. They were admitted by the servant who informed them, however, that madam was indisposed and could not see any visitors.

"But our business is very urgent," Gardner remarked, "and it is imperative that I see the lady."

"I will tell her so," was the quiet response, and the girl left the parlor. Gardner and Yardley quietly followed her which she apparently did not observe for she never turned her head as she proceeded up the stairway.

At the chamber-door, however, she turned and a look of surprise sprang into her face.

"Why do you follow me?" she asked.

"To see your mistress," was the reply from Gardner.

"This is her chamber," rejoined the girl, "and you may enter if you choose," saying which she abruptly left them, and they heard the front door close as if she had left the house.

They opened the door, some one was lying in bed with their back turned toward them, but by the garment they supposed it was a female—real or pretended.

Gardner approached the bed and laid a hand on the figure's shoulder, then uttered an exclamation, and grasping the occupant he drew it forth and flung it on the floor with a muttered curse. It was a "dummy" and "Stumpy" had "skipped."

A slippery customer indeed! "Well," said Yardley, with a smile at his friend's look of dismay.

"Gone but not forgotten," was the grim reply, and they departed from that house in disgust.

"How will you proceed next?" asked Yardley.

"Knowing my game as I do I shall just make up my mind to do what I came East for—enjoy myself with my old friends and drop thief catching the while."

And thus ended this adventure which promised such grand results.

The Fascinations of Orchid Growing.

In the early days of our acquaintance with these plants their high prices, and the extreme difficulty which apparently attended their cultivation, made them the exclusive property of the very wealthy few. Now, however, we have increased our knowledge of the conditions under which they thrive in their native habitats, and the ease and rapidity with which they can be transferred is so great that thousands of plants arrive in this country every month, and their prices have been reduced to such an extent as to bring them within the reach of every one having a glass-house. Not that there are not high-priced orchids even in these days. On the contrary, any new species, or an extra good variety of an old and well-known species, is more eagerly sought after than ever, and numerous instances occur every year where amateurs are found who willingly give fifty, eighty or a hundred guineas to become the happy possessor of some special or unique form. Nevertheless, for the comfort of those who are about to commence the fascinating pursuit of orchid growing, we can assure them that some of the most beautiful kinds in this grand family of plants are those who are the most reasonable in price. With the information brought us respecting orchids by those who have collected them in their wild state, coupled with rational treatment at home, these plants are now found to be as easily managed as any others. One great objection to orchid-growing in the earlier days was the enormous consumption of fuel, which had a rather formidable appearance on paper when the cost was added to the end of the year. These were the days when, because a plant came from the East Indies or South America, it was supposed to require as much heat as a cook's salamander—the fact of the vast mountain ranges of both hemispheres being densely clothed with verdure up to many thousand feet elevation being completely ignored. This fact is now fully recognized, and it is found that comparatively little expense is incurred in keeping these mountain plants supplied with sufficient heat.

A Book of Travels.

The Bible is in a great degree a book of travels. Journeys occupy a considerable space in the divine records. "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee," was one of the first revealed commands after the catastrophe of the deluge, and the attempt to build the Tower of Babel. It was directed to Abram, who became the father of the faithful; and, obedient to the mandate, he departed at once. The following little picture of foreign travel stands at the head of numerous volumes, including some most popular in the present day: "So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him; and Abram was 75 years old when he departed out of Haran; and Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And Abram passed through the land into the place of Shechem, unto the plain of Moreh." We can picture the patriarch, far advanced in life, dressed in primitive oriental costume, seated on the back of a patient camel, with his nephew and wife and other relations accompanying him in long robes; the flocks and herds not far off with shepherds and drivers, all with their lord and master pursuing a divinely directed journey to a distant land they had never seen before. There was enterprise in this original expedition, and curiosity and wonder must have stirred the bosom of this early explorer as he tracked his way over unknown lands, as his eyes rested on plain, valley, and mountain, and as he drew nigh to the wooded hills of Northern Canaan, and passed the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and saw a fertile country spread out before him under the hindows of Ebel and Gerizim.

ALL fashionable shapes in sofas and lounges are much befloored, and certainly nothing can be more tempting than these sumptuous and luxurious pillowed resting places.

Beatrice and Henry.

The betrothal of Beatrice, only remaining unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria to Prince Henry, of Battenberg, is announced. The Princess was born April 14, 1857, and has inherited much of her mother's cleverness in music and scientific study, but the public only know her by sight; her (pretty) cold face appears photographed in every shop window, and is familiar to all Windsor people, for she drives, rides, and walks in the immediate neighborhood of the castle constantly. Reserved and proud in temperament, she can scarcely be called a favorite, yet many stories of her filial devotedness are told. She has the reputation of being the cleverest member of the royal family; in fact, it is doubtful if there be any unmarried princess living who possesses her amount of mental ability. As a child she simply astonished and nonplussed poor Dean Stanley, who could not answer the shrewd theological questions offered him by the young Princess for solution.

Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, whom the Princess is now about to marry, is a young man who may be said to hang upon the verge—or ragged edge, as they would say in Brooklyn—of Royalty already. His father is Prince Alexander, an uncle of the Grand Duke Louis IV. of Hesse. His mother is the Countess Julie, a daughter of the late Count Maurice von Haeucler, a Polish nobleman, who held the position of Minister of War before "freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell." The marriage between Prince Alexander and the Countess von Haeucler, however, is only a morganatic one—such alliance seem to be more favored in the House than in any other Sovereign family of Germany. The marriage was the result of the intimacy which sprang from the Countess' position as maid of honor to the late Empress of Russia, who was a sister of Prince Alexander, Prince Louis, one of Prince Henry's brothers, is as has been stated above, married to a niece of the Princess Beatrice, and is a Lieutenant in the British navy; another brother, Prince Alexander, is the first sovereign of Bulgaria, and is unmarried, while there is still a fourth son in the family, Prince Francis Joseph, who professes to earn a livelihood as a sub-lieutenant in a Hessian regiment. All four of them are clever, handsome, and decent young men, and it may be that the Princess Beatrice will make a happy marriage after all. The expectant husband will be looked after by the Queen-mother, of course, even if Parliament is not appealed to for a marriage settlement, and if there is nothing better to give her son-in-law that is to be, the Queen can command for him some profitable sinecure like that of Ranger of Windsor Park, which is held by that other, impetuous son-in-law of the Queen, the Prince Christian of Schleswig-holstein, husband of Beatrice's elder sister Helena.

The Tooth Factory.

The domain of the dentist is about to be disputed. A great discovery has been made which will revolutionize the whole business and emancipate the sufferers. A factory has been established, with plenty of capital to back it, for the purpose of making artificial teeth by machinery. All that any one who is troubled with his teeth will have to do will be to get them all pulled out. Then he can purchase a brand new machine made set and be exempt from toothache all the rest of his life. This is, of course, nothing new in the making and using of artificial teeth, but it will be easily seen that the manufacture by machinery presents great advantages. When the making of watches by machinery was started there were many protests that the new way would never be as good as the old. But the exactness soon attained, and the convenience of having the parts interchangeable, brought about a revolution, and the factory watches now rank above the hand-made. The same advantage will be had in the factory teeth. If one gets broken, or comes out, an exactly similar one can be ordered from the factory at very small cost. If the plate gets cracked it can be replaced in the same way. All that will be necessary will be to give the number of the plate, and a new one, precisely like the old, will be sent by return mail.

A wealthy man who obtains his wealth honestly, and uses it rightly, is a great blessing to the community.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence; if you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.

Love is sunshine; hate is shadow.

—Montana has now more than 1,000,000 cattle.

Above the Hair.

To have beautiful hair and keep it in health requires as much care as the teeth, nails or face. So many twist the hair up in some becoming fashion the year round, and wonder that it gets streaked, thin in spots and seems harsh and dry. The hair should be loosened every night before retiring, should be combed free from all tangles with a bone comb (rubber combs have done much to split and break the hair—nearly all have too much electricity to use rubber); then use a stiff brush for a long time, brushing from the top to the very ends. It is well for a lady who has a maid, for it is impossible to brush one's hair if very long. Then braid and fasten the ends with soft silk braid for the night. The scalp should be kept clean and healthy; wash occasionally and have it thoroughly shampooed two or three times a year as well.

To wash, braid the hair loosely in several braids, take a raw egg and rub it thoroughly into the scalp (if beaten first it rubs in better) then rinse in cold water with a little ammonia incorporated in it, wring the braids in a coarse towel, sit by the fire or in the sun until dry, and then comb out the braids. The braiding "prevents" much itching. Where one's hair is thin a quinine lotion will prevent its falling out and give life to the roots. The Parisian fashions for dressing children's hair are as follows: Ringlets are most favorable for babies. Little boys have curls in the back and bangs in front.

Little girls have their hair waved and falling down the back, with a colored ribbon to keep it in place. Some young girls have revived the fashion of light hair nets, with large meshes, in which the hair falls loose and as low as the middle of the back. This style shows the hair to great advantage, and will probably meet with great approval. From 16 to 17 years of age the hair is worn high and twisted on the top of the head. With this method of arrangement the hair round hats have no elastic, so as not to conceal any part of the pretty waves which the hair forms when thus raised from the nape of the neck. The hat is fastened to the hair by a steel pin with a shell or lot leaf.

A Mahogany Log.

A larger quantity of mahogany is being received here this year than any other variety of foreign wood," said a well-known importer to a reporter. "It is becoming fashionable to use mahogany in almost every kind of fancy and ornamental woodwork, and in the manufacture of furniture and other articles of ordinary use it has taken to a great extent the place of black walnut. This fall especially the partial failure of the sugar crop has stimulated the shipments of mahogany from Cuba and Mexico, from which places the wood used in this country principally comes. Very little comes from South America."

"What does it bring in the market here?"

"It is one of the most uncertain commodities that we import in respect to price, and cargoes vary in value from 8 cents to 25 cents a foot, these being the ordinary limits. Sometimes, however, a single log will bring a hundred times as much as this. In its rough state a log can only be judged by its exterior, and some idea can be formed of the quality of the wood and the pattern of the grain in this way. Its commercial value depends principally upon its pattern. Experts frequently experience great difficulties in judging of the value of a log, and the buyer often strikes a big bonanza in this way most unexpectedly. Last week a log was sold on shipboard to a man for \$50. We gave him \$80 for it a quarter of an hour afterward, and have since cut \$8,000 worth of strips from this single log. The beauty of the pattern was not discovered till we began to cut it. It is not very often, however, that an valuable prize is drawn."

An Ancient People.

Between Damascus and Jerusalem is a tribe of about 3,000 Hebrews, which has been there probably since the beginning of the Christian era. They have neither city nor town; they live in camps. The temple is represented by a more spacious tent. They have never admitted among them a person of different race or religion. Their ordinary language is Hebrew. In their relations with others they speak Arabian. These relations, however, are very few, for they have remained like their primitive race, exclusively tillers of the soil and warriors. They cultivate the ground arched from head to foot, always ready to defend their portion of earth, from which, with great difficulty, they derive a meagre subsistence. They live on little, and are content to thus live in their native country, which they have occupied for centuries.